

WEEKLY MUSEUM.



"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS COLL'D WITH CARE"

VOL. XLV—NO. 14.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 16, 1862.

WHOLE NO. 680.

THE FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

A TALE.

[Continued from our last.]

"MARRIED!" cried Agnes, rushing into her chamber, and shutting the door after her, in a manner sufficiently indicative to the messenger of the anguish she hastened to conceal—"Married!—Clifford abroad; perhaps at this moment a corpse—and my father married!—What, then, am I? A wretch forlorn, an outcast from society! no one to love, no one to protect and cherish me! Great God! wilt thou not pardon me if I seek a refuge in the grave?"

Here nature suddenly and powerfully impressed on her recollection, that she was about to become a parent; and, falling on her knees, she sobbed out, "What am I? did I ask? I am a mother, and earth still holds me by a tie too sacred to be broken!"

Then, by degrees, she became calmer, and rejoiced, fervently rejoiced, in her father's second marriage though she felt it as too convincing a proof how completely he had thrown her from his affections. She knew that his reason for not marrying again was, the fear of a second family's diminishing the strong affection he bore to her—and now it was plain that he married in hopes of losing his affection for her. Still this information removed a load from her mind, by showing her Fitzhenry felt himself capable of receiving happiness from other hands than hers; and she resolved, if she heard he was happy in his change of situation, never to recall to his memory the daughter whom it was so much his interest to forget.

The time of Agnes's confinement now drew near—a time which fills with apprehension even the wife who is soothed and supported by the tender attentions of an anxious husband, and the assiduous of affectionate relations and friends, and who knows the child she is about to present them with will at once gratify their affections and their pride.—What then must have been the sensations of Agnes at a moment so awful and dangerous as this!—Agnes, who had no husband to soothe her by his anxious inquiries, no relations or friends to cheer her drooping soul by the expressions of sympathy, and whose child, instead of being welcomed by an exulting family, must be, as well as its mother, a stranger even to its nearest relation!

But, in proportion to her trials, seemed to be Agnes's power of rising superior to them; and, after enduring her sufferings with a degree of fortitude and calmness that astonished the mistress of the house, whom compassion had induced to attend on her, she gave birth to a lovely boy—and from that moment, though she rarely smiled, and never saw any one but her kind landlady, her mind was no longer oppressed by the deep gloom she had before labored under; and when she had heard from Clifford, of her father's being happy, and clasped her babe to her bosom, Agnes might almost be pronounced cheerful.

After she had been six months a mother, Clifford returned, and in the transport of seeing him safe, Agnes almost forgot she had been anxious and unhappy. Now again was the subject of the mar-

riage resumed; but just as the wedding-day was fixed, Clifford was summoned away to attend his expiring father, and again was Agnes doomed to the tortures of suspense.

After a month's absence Clifford returned, but appeared to labor under a dejection of spirits, which he seemed studious to conceal from her. Alarmed and terrified at an appearance so unusual, she demanded an explanation, which the consummate deceiver gave at length, after many entreaties on her part, and feigned reluctance on his. He told her his father's illness was occasioned by his having been informed that he was privately married to her, and that he had sent for him to enquire into the truth of the report; and being convinced by his solemn assurance that no marriage had taken place, he had commanded him, unless he wished to kill him, to take a solemn oath never to marry Agnes Fitzhenry without his consent.

"And did you take the oath?" cried Agnes, her whole frame trembling with agitation.—"What could I do?" replied he; "my father's life in evident danger if I refused; besides the dreadful certainty that he would put his threats in execution of cursing me with his dying breath;—and, cruel as he is, Agnes, I could not help feeling he was my father."—"Barbarian!" exclaimed she, "I sacrificed my father to you!—An oath! O God! have you then taken an oath never to be mine?"—and, saying this, she fell into a long and deep swoon.

When she recovered, but before she was able to speak, she found Clifford kneeling by her; and, while she was too weak to interrupt him, he convinced her that he did not at all despair of his father's consent to his making her his wife, else, he should have been less willing to give so ready a consent to take the oath imposed on him, even although his father's life depended on it. "Oh! no," replied Agnes, with a bitter smile, "you wrong yourself; you are too good a son to have been capable of hesitating a moment; there are few children so bad, so very bad as I am!"—and bursting into an agony of grief, it was long before the affectionate language and tender caresses of Clifford could restore her to tranquility.

Another six months elapsed, during which time Clifford kept her hopes alive, by telling her every day saw fresh signs of his father's relenting in her favor:—"At these times, lead me to him," she would say, "let him hear the tale of my wretchedness; let me say to him, For your son's sake I have lost the best of fathers, the happiest of homes, and have become an outcast from society; then would I bid him look at this pale cheek, this emaciated form, proofs of the anguish that is undermining my constitution; and tell him to beware how, by forcing you to withhold from me my right, he made you guilty of murdering the poor deluded wretch, who, till she knew you, never lay down without a father's blessing, or rose but to be welcomed by his smile!"

Clifford had feeling, but it was of that transient sort which never outlived the disappearance of the object that occasioned it. To these pathetic entreaties he always returned affectionate answers, and was often forced to leave the room in order to

avoid being too much softened by them; but, by the time he had reached the end of the street, always alive to the impressions of the present moment, the sight of some new beauty, or some old companion dried up the starting tear, and returned to him the power of coolly considering he should continue to deceive his miserable victim.

But the time at length arrived when the mask that hid his villainy from her eyes fell off, never to be replaced. As Agnes fully expected to be the wife of Clifford, she was particularly careful to lead a retired life, and not to seem unmindful of her shame, by exhibiting herself at places of public amusement. In vain did Clifford paint to her the charms of the play, the opera, and other places of fashionable resort. "Retirement, with books, music, work, and your society," she used to reply, "are better suited to my taste and situation; and never but as your wife, will I presume to meet the public eye."

Clifford, though he wished to exhibit his lovely conquest to the world, was obliged to submit to her will in this instance. Sometimes, indeed, Agnes was prevailed on to admit to her table those young men of Clifford's acquaintance who were the most distinguished for their talents and decorum of manners; but this was the only departure he had ever yet prevailed on her to make, from the plan of retirement she had adopted.

One evening, however, Clifford was so unusually urgent with her to accompany him to Drury-lane, to see a favorite tragedy, (urging as an additional motive for her obliging him, that he was going to leave her on the following Monday, in order to attend his father into the country, where he should be forced to remain some time,) that Agnes, unwilling to refuse what he called his parting request, at length complied; Clifford having prevailed on Mrs. Askew, the kind landlady, to accompany them, and having assured Agnes, that, as they should sit in the upper boxes, she might, if she chose it, wear her veil down.—Agnes, in spite of herself, was delighted with the representation—but, as

— "Hearts refin'd the sudden'd tint retain,

"The sigh is pleasure, and the jest is pain."

she was desirous of leaving the house before the farce began; yet, as Clifford saw a gentleman in the lower boxes with whom he had business, she consented to stay till he had spoken to him. Soon after she saw Clifford enter the lower box opposite to her; and those who know what it is to love, will not be surprised to hear that Agnes had more pleasure in looking at her lover, and drawing favorable comparisons between him and the gentlemen who surrounded him, than in attending to the farce; and she had been some minutes absorbed in this pleasing employment when two gentlemen entered the box where she was, and seated themselves behind her.

"Who is that elegant, fashionable-looking man, my lord, in the lower box just opposite to us?"—"I mean he who is speaking to Captain Mowbray."—"It is George Clifford, of the Guards," replied his lordship, "and one of the cleverest fellows in England, Colonel."

Agnes, who had not missed one word of this conversation, now became still more attentive.

"O! I have heard a great deal of him," returned the Colonel, "and as much against him as for him." "Most likely," said his lordship; "for it is a common remark, that if his heart were not as bad as his head is good, he would be an honor to human nature; but I dare say that fellow has ruined more young men, and seduced more young women than any man of his age (which is just four-and-thirty) in the three kingdoms."

Agnes sighed deeply, and felt herself attacked by a sort of faint sickness.

[To be continued.]

OLD AND NEW FASHIONS.

FORMERLY the hair was worn so long that a general council thought proper to proscribe that fashion, in compliance with a passage of St. Paul against long hair: and we have since had square wigs, long-tailed wigs, pig-tailed wigs, full-bottomed wigs, folio wigs, bag wigs, horse-shoe wigs, lap-dog wigs, wigs a l'Espagnole, a l'Anglaise, a la coiffure, et a la Grecque, &c. &c.

To-day we have generally adopted a more convenient and simple mode of wearing the hair, which spares time and expense, does not soil one's clothes with grease or powder, and facilitates the perspiration of the head.

Formerly no person, young or old, man or woman, could appear in public without spectacles. They did not wear them for the purpose of aiding the sight; for when asked to read any thing, they requested permission to take off their spectacles.

To-day the young people who use glasses, wish at least to escape the fatigues of war, by pretending to be short-sighted.

Formerly long beards were the fashion, and the clergy were so much attached to this ornament, that they were the last to leave it off. This fashion became obsolete:—Francis Oliver was obliged to get himself shaved, before he was admitted to a seat in the British Parliament.

To-day long beards are only seen on those who cannot afford to be shaved.

Formerly those who took snuff at church were excommunicated.

To-day we may take snuff without dreading an excommunication; and many a box of this delightful beverage is gutted of its contents to tickle the olfactory nerves of drowsy worshippers.

Formerly sugar plumbs were so much in vogue, that no one appeared in public without a box of them. The Duke of Guise had his sugar-plumb box in his hand when he was killed at Blois.

To-day sugar-plumbs are confined to children and young ladies who wish to figure away.

Formerly, because Louis XIII. had an extreme liking to gingerbread, every beau had his pocket filled with it, and presented slices of it to the ladies with the most ceremonious gallantry.

To-day gingerbread is to be seen only in the streets, or at country fairs.

Formerly it was the fashion to wear long cravats which hung down to the waist; this was followed by the frugal fashion of a single fold of muslin closely tied behind.

To-day the necks move freely in a large cravat, which completely fills up the space between the chin and the collar bone.

Formerly books, writings, and even letters on the most common occasions, were studded with an infinity of quotations. Varillas says, that Montec, when writing to Charles IX. not having room in his letter for all the extracts he had prepared, wrote a second letter, filled with eight pages of quotations.

To-day our young authors do not perplex us with Latin or Greek; and if this custom should continue much longer, it may, perhaps, be more strictly proper to call Greek and Latin the forgotten than the dead languages.

ANECDOTE.

PERICO de Ayala, the buffoon of the Marquis de Villena, came to see Don Francis, the buffoon of Charles the Fifth, when he lay on his death-bed. Perico seeing him in so bad away, said, "Brother Don Francis, I request you by the great friendship, which has always subsisted between us, that when you go to Heaven (which I believe must be very soon since you have always lived such a pious life) you will beseech God to have mercy on my soul." Francis answered, "He a thread on this finger, that I may not forget it." These were his last words, and he instantly expired.

THINK OF THE POOR.

WHEN winter's black and piercing winds
Blow furiously around;
And gripping frost becombs the limbs,
And strongly binds the ground.
When blust'rous storms war in the air,
And fierce and loud do roar;
And showers of biting snow descend,
Think of the starving poor.

What pure delight may be enjoy'd,
By ye who wealth possess;
For wealth gives you the envy'd pow'r,
The child of want to bless!
Then let not misery crave in vain
For pity at your door;
But with humane and gen'rous hearts
Relieve the wretched poor.

With willing hand apply a balm
To each corroding wound,
The naked clothe—the hungry feed—
In these true joys is found:
They're also pleasing to our God,
And register'd in Heav'n;
Which far, in worth, exceeds all wealth,
That e'er to man was giv'n.

ALWYN.

ON LIFE.

SAY, what is LIFE thro' all its busy scenes,
Its gilded shadows, and delusive dreams?
What but the rack whose patience must be try'd,
Where hope is mock'd—fruition is deny'd?

In youth we view each future prospect gay,
And LIFE appears but one unclouded day;
But lo! too soon misfortune's storms arise,
When each fond blessing, like the phantom, flies.

Now let me read the turning page of fate,
Its various blessings, or its ills await,
With equal temper and an even mind,
Nor view my lot, of all, the most unkind.

O, may I tread the thorny path of LIFE,
Remote from grandeur, and remote from strife—
At virtue's shrine forever lowly bend—
Each ill-form'd habit of my youth amend—

Benevolence, through every stage, my guide;—
Far distant from me, self-conceit and pride;
With independence, nobly to resist
The sneering smile, or contracted frown.

Thus, let me pass my every day in peace,
Till the last thro' of Nature's pulse shall cease;
Then my past life with pleasure I'll review,
And, smiling, bid the world a LAST ADIEU!

FRIENDSHIP.

DISTILL'D amidst the gloom of night,
Dark hangs the dew-drop on the thorn;
Till, notic'd by approaching light,
It glitters in the smile of morn.

More soon retires, her feeble pow'r
The sun out beams with genial ray,
And gently, in benignant hour,
Exhales the liquid pearl away.

Thus on affliction's sable bed,
Deep sorrow weeps in hidden tears;
Condensing round the mourner's head,
They bathe the cheek with chilly dew.

Tho' PITY shows her down from Heaven,
When kind the pains afflictance near;
To FRIENDSHIP's sun alone his given
To soothe and dry the mourner's tear.

ON THE PRESENT FASHION OF SHORT WAIST-COATS.

LONG since it has been justly said,
"A silly toping has no head;"
But now as modern fashions go,
Not head nor body has a head.

REMARK.

WE should often be ashamed of our best actions, if the world saw all their motives.

ON THE INFLUENCE OF WOMEN.

THAT the influence of the fair sex gives a bias to the moral conduct of our sex, is an axiom that has stood the test of ages. Women, conscious of their natural embecillity to govern men by dint of force, soon found out a more gentle way of subduing them. By captivating their minds and securing their hearts, they gained that ascendancy over them, which has been attended with the happiest consequences, and which never can be lost but in an age of the greatest depravity. As long as beauty can charm, or virtue endear, shall the influence of women last; since nothing but an universal degeneracy among men can possibly suppress it. Such a degeneracy what a fatality must attend! for when the love of women is excluded the breast of man, what baneful passions will he not substitute in its place! Against such an unwished for period how justly does the sage philosopher (Rousseau) exclaim:—"Woe be to the age wherein women lose their influence, and their judgments are disregarded by men! It is the last stage of depravity. All civilized people have paid due regard to women. Reflect on Sparta, reflect on the Germans, reflect on Rome; Rome, the seat of glory and of virtue, if ever they had place on earth. It was there that the women honored the exploits of the renowned Generals, that they publicly wept over the fall of their country, that their vows or lamentations were held sacred as the most solemn judgments of the Republic. All the grand revolutions were brought about by women: through a woman Rome obtained liberty; through a woman the Plebeians acquired the consulship; a woman put an end to the tyranny of the Decemvirs; by means of women, Rome, when on the brink of destruction, was rescued from the resentment of an enraged and victorious outlaw." Hence may men learn the due value of women, whose influence when extended to the heart, inspire it with the most heroic virtue. Hence may they see the necessity of prizeing those whom it is their interest to cherish. And ye, O sons of Columbia, whose generous breasts can well feel the force of love and beauty, be it your peculiar province to justify the fair daughters of virtue, and may their smiles be your sweet reward.

ANECDOTE.

AN Irish surgeon, who had couched a cataract and restored the sight of a poor woman, in Dublin, observed in her case, what he deemed a phenomenon in optics, on which he called together his professional brethren, declaring himself unequal to the solution. He stated to them, that the sight of his patient was so perfectly restored, that she could see to thread the smallest needle, or to perform any other operation, which required particular accuracy of vision:—that that when he presented her with a book, "she was not capable of distinguishing one letter from another." This very singular case excited the ingenuity of all the gentlemen present, and various solutions were offered, but none could command the general assent. Doubt crowded upon doubt, and the problem grew darker from every explanation, when at length, by a question put by the servant who attended, it was discovered that,—The woman had never learned to read!

ANECDOTE OF THE LATE CHIEF JOKER, ISAAC SPARKS.

SPARKS was a well known NON VIVANT, and devoted his evenings to the purple denry. It was remarked, that when he got his quantum of the juice of the grape, he entirely lost his power of speech, though he retained the use of his limbs. A Mr. Foote was his constant companion in his nocturnal revels, who was as diminutive in stature, as the other was tall and robust. One night, from having been remarkably festive, our Chief Joker could not speak; and Foote not able to stand, Sparks took him up and placed a saddle on his neck and shoulders. In this manner they quitted the tavern. During their walk home they were accosted by the watchman, demanding who they were. Sparks pointed up to Foote, as much as to hint that he would inform him; who, on being asked, replied, "that he was only seeing the gentleman home."

OBSERVATION.

A learned lady once enquired, Why chymistry, geography, algebra, languages, &c. was not as becoming in a woman as a man? I will not say, replied a wit, that they are entirely unbecoming, but I should think a very little would answer the purpose. A woman's knowledge of chymistry might extend to the melting of butter, her geography to a thorough knowledge of every hole and corner in the house, and her algebra to family expenses; and as for tongues, heaven knows that one is quite sufficient.

SONNET.

SAY, what is fame? a brilliant empty shade,
Like vapors painted by the breath of morn,
Which chill the mountain's brow, (in clouds array'd)
And flave the head their glittering robes adorn.
Ah! what avails the slowly moving breeze,
The shine that eulogy is wont to raise:
The splendid tomb deck'd with funeral verse,
The shout of millions, or the peal of praise?
O! what is fame? Enroll'd in Glory's page,
Pursued with vigor, and with ardor fought;
For which, in every clime, in every age,
The Poet labor'd, and the Hero fought.--
'Tis oft a bubble, that through ether flies,
That sports awhile, evaporates, and dies.

EPITAPH ON A TAILOR.

HERE lies a SNIP,
Whom Death did nip,
And, ah! cut out too clever;
With his long shears
He clip'd his years,
And CABBAG'd him forever.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 16, 1802.

Wednesday morning, about ten o'clock, a person by the name of Joseph Skelting, put an end to his existence by hanging himself with a silk handkerchief on the lamp iron in front of the North Church. He formerly attended the livery stable of Mr. Riddle, in Beaver-lane; from whence he was discharged on Friday last. The cause of his committing this act, is unknown.

POPULATION OF THE UNITED STATES.

The following is an exact transcript from the returns made into the Office of the Department of State, of the aggregate number in each State, agreeably to the late census.

	Inhabitants.	Representatives.
Virginia,	886,000	22
Pennsylvania,	604,000	18
Massachusetts,	575,000	17
New-York,	586,000	17
North Carolina,	478,000	13
South Carolina,	345,000	8
Maryland,	338,000	8
Connecticut,	251,000	7
New-Jersey,	211,000	6
Kentucky,	220,000	6
New-Hampshire,	183,000	5
Vermont,	154,000	4
Georgia,	163,000	4
Tennessee,		3
Rhode-Island,	70,000	2
Delaware,	64,000	1

Total. 5,173,000 140

In comparing the number of males to females, it appears that they are in the ratio of 20 males to 19 females. This is the ratio established by nature--It proves to be the same on examination, with one or two exceptions, in every part of the world--and it seems to be wisely ordained.

A Gentleman, just arrived at Baltimore from the West-Indies, brings intelligence of the arrival there of a French fleet consisting of 45 sail, with troops, destined for Guadaloupe.

On the evening of the 3d December the Store of Doct. Samuel Willard, of Stafford, and its contents were consumed by fire. Dr. W. had, during the evening, been preparing a quantity of varnish, had placed it in a room where no fire was kept; in passing it with a candle, the candle being at a distance of more than one yard from the vessel which contained the varnish, the effluvia took fire from the candle which communicated with the vessel, and the whole room was instantly wrapped in flames. Doct. Willard and two clerks with much difficulty and hazard escaped. Augustus Miller, an amiable, young man of about sixteen years of age was consumed. All possible exertions were used to save the young man and store, but without effect--thus the best earthly prospects of an industrious man in a moment vanish.

The above store and its contents were estimated at between six and eight thousand dollars.

Alexander, Emperor of Russia, has issued a proclamation, by which we learn, that many of the grievances which the people of that country labored under, has been redressed; that commerce is encouraged, and that the Secret Tribunal, that terror to Russians, has been abolished.

A woman upwards of 85 years of age, at Bath-on-Wilt, put an end to her existence by a halter; it is thought a recent disappointment of a TARDER MATER was the cause of that rash act. [Loud. paper.

NORWICH, (Con.) Jan. 6.

Captain Lord, who arrived here last week, in 33 days from Point Peire, Guadaloupe, informs that four days previous to his leaving that port, an American vessel arrived there which had spoken off Delcrosa, five English ships of the line, direct from Europe, bound to St Domingo, to act in concert with the French in dispossessing Toussaint of the Government of the Island.--Capt. Lord also mentions, that although tranquility was in some degree restored, yet the whites were fearful of further trouble, and many of them kept their trunks, papers, &c. on board the American shipping, ready for a start, in case it should be necessary.

WINDHAM, Dec. 31.

As Dr. S. Field of Oakham, Massachusetts, was riding to the assistance of a woman in distress, he was met by two young men, in a grove of woods, and in a narrow passage, on their return from a mallet, running their horses. The darkness of the night, in conjunction with the gloominess of the grove, and a turn in the road, prevented the Doctor or the man that was with him from discovering them, till within a few rods. They both instantly cried out, and endeavored to get out of the path. The men, thoughtless of their own or others safety, intent on the race, heard nothing. As they passed between the horses, they struck both of them, and the Doctor's horse fell. We can give but an imperfect account of the transactions of the moment. The man who rode against the Doctor was first discovered standing at a little distance, and his horse stripped of his saddle. The man who accompanied the Doctor was not flung from his horse; but was injured in one of his legs. He dismounted and hastened to the solemn scene of distress, where he found the Doctor lying on his back, near the feet of his horse, breathless. He raised him up, and after some time discovered symptoms of life remaining. Upon examination it was found he had fallen with the back part of his head upon a ragged stone. Fortunately his hat had not fallen from his head; and incision was made through the hat into his head, and the skull fractured. Let the feeling mind picture the anguish of the family at the gloomy tidings. He was conveyed to an adjacent house, where every medical assistance was procured. The day following he was conveyed back to his own house, where he gradually declined until his death.

PARIS, October 20.

CONGRESS.

Great preparations, are making at Amiens, for the reception and entertainment of the diplomatic characters who are to attend the Congress. A large body of troops will be there. A line of telegraphs is to be erected from thence to Paris. The British Minister, will be escorted through France by troops of cavalry, and will receive the most distinguished attention. It is supposed the Congress will form in less than a month.

ADVERTISEMENT.

STRAYED or was stolen, from the subscriber, on a social evening not long since, (she supposes it must have been at that time as she does not recollect missing it before) a little fly, goodfornothing, runaway of a heart, or half of it at least, as she flatters herself, by some promising symptoms, the whole has not forsaken her, especially at this inconvenient season; now therefore, as the subscriber is much in want of that part of her heart now missing (which till now she had thought perfectly secure from every attack of any nature or kind whatsoever) and as she knows not how soon the whole may be required, by that tyrannical disposer of one of our passions; she will be under many obligations to, as well as amply reward the person, who shall restore the imprudent sinner to its wanted home; which signal service will render happy the, at present, disconsolate.

EVELINA.

COURT of HYMEN.

WHY was that sympathy, high, unconfined,
Does individuals of each sex possess,
Imprinted in the breast, if not to bind
Connections moral--signs of happiness?
And where shall we these sources of delight,
Or these connections find, below the sun?
Love is the clue alone will guide us right;
And Marriage make these pleasures all our own.

MARRIED.

At Newtown, (Conn.) by Asa Chapman, Esq. Mr. RUSSEL CANTFIELD of Mount Pleasant, West-Chester county, Primer, to Miss HULDAH GLOVER, daughter of the Rev. Solomon Glover, of Newtown.

A short time since, by the Rev. Bishop Moore, Captain JOHN MILWARD, of Halifax, to Miss ELIZA KEMPTON, of this city.

On Wednesday, at the Friends' Meeting House, THOMAS WALKER to ELIZABETH HOVLAND, both of this city.

DIED.

In Caroline county (Maryland) Mrs. MARY BEACH-AMP, at a very advanced age of 119 years. She possessed to the last an unusual retention of all her faculties.

TICKETS

IN THE NAVIGATION LOTTERY.

Sold by John Harrison, No. 3 Peck-Slip.

NEW NOVEL.

Proposals are received at this Office, for printing by subscription, an entire new work,

THE LIFE OF JASON FAIRBANKS,

A Novel,

By a Gentleman of Massachusetts.

THEATRE.

On Monday evening, will be presented, Mrs. Inchbald's celebrated COMEDY of

I'll tell you what!

To which will be added, the entertainment of the

Children in the Wood.

TO LET.

From the first of May next, a genteel two story BRICK HOUSE, the upper part of Greenwich Street, directly opposite Lefpinard's Brewery, containing five rooms exclusive of the garret; has a convenient Kitchen and roomy Cellar, a cistern in the yard, and a handsome garden, containing a variety of fruit and ornamental trees. The whole replete with every convenience for a genteel family. For further particulars enquire of WILLIAM PELL, on the premises, or JOHN HARRISON No 3 Peck Slip, Jan. 16 1802.

FOR SALE A SMALL FARM,

Containing 45 acres more or less, situate and lying in the town of East-Chester, county of West-Chester, and state of New-York, within three quarters of a mile from the Church, and within one mile and a half of the Town-Landing, where the boats ply weekly. The said farm lays on the road leading from said Church to the White-Plains, and within 18 miles from New-York, in a very pleasant and healthy part of the country; on the said farm is a good house with a quantity of fruit trees round it, such as peaches, pears plumbs, cherries and some apple trees with about sixteen or eighteen acres of beautiful young timber and a sufficient quantity of Meadow, and more can easily be made--the whole is in good fence. A never failing stream runs through the premises, and there is a beautiful building spot.

Any Gentleman who would wish to purchase a small farm in the country, I am induced to believe that the above will strike his fancy. For further particulars enquire of Mr. PETER BARKER, living at No. 21 Bowery lane, New-York, or the Subscriber living about two miles from the premises, who will give an indispensable title for the same

JOHN ARCHER.

East Chester, Jan. 11 1802,

90 ff.

COURT OF APOLLO.

HYMN TO PEACE.

Sung at a meeting in London, in commemoration of the return of that blessing.

HARK, the loud Clarion's brazen throat,
Again announc'd War's dire alarms ?
With rage inspir'd by its shrill note,
Infuriate Nations rush'd to arms ;
On each, destruction mutual hurl'd
While Peace affrighted left the world !

CHORUS---Come lovely Peace with Olive crown'd !
Return, and spread thy blessings round !

See, with what horrid frenzy seiz'd,
Doth man his Fellow-man destroy !
With widow's tears can he be pleas'd---
Can Orphans' cries afford him joy ?
Accurs'd be they, whose wicked arts,
Enslave men's minds, and steel their hearts !

CHORUS---Come lovely Peace, with Olive crown'd,
Return, and spread thy blessings round !

Mild reason now resumes her reign,
Dread war and carnage are no more,
And slavery breaks his galling chain,
While plenty pours her ample store :---
All but the foes of man rejoice,
And sing with one according voice !

CHORUS---Hail, lovely Peace, with Olive crown'd,
Return, and spread thy blessings round !

Best be the man by Heav'n design'd
To set the world from slavery free !
Best benefactor of mankind,
Who giv'st them peace and Liberty,
In every age, in every clime,
Thy fame shall live to endless time !

CHORUS---When lovely Peace, with Olive crown'd,
And Freedom spreads her blessings round.

A WINTER EVENING.

THE storm blew loud, the night was bleak,
The fire-light blaz'd against the wall,
The lazy cat, so clean and sleek,
Start'd to hear the hail-stones fall.

The frosty kettle ceaseless sang,
And sparkling negus gave or tea ;
Whilst the rude angry welkin sang,
And beat the roof incessantly.

Louder tho' tempest howls ; and oaks
Reluctant bend their stubborn heads ;
The lonely cottage hears the brooks
Chiding along their stony beds.

Alone, and pensively inclin'd,
One idle hand my head sustain'd,
Whilst thus my ruminating mind
Visions of future pleasure feign'd

In senseless solitude immur'd,
I curs'd my folly and my fate ;
Soft wishes now my soul allur'd
To try the matrimonial state.

Now blest (my hazy thought would paint)
Could I to the dear fair one turn,
Sustain her trembling limbs so faint,
And for each sigh a sigh return.

And when her tears begin to flow,
Her snowy breast with sorrow heave,
Now blest to soothe her pensive woe,
And kiss away her rising grief.

But here the difficulty rose,
This female paragon to find ;
O Nancy ! thou canst soothe my woes,
And calm my agitated mind.

Come then, now winter's storms appear,
And to these circling arms retire,
The melancholy moments cheer,
And share with me the blazing fire.
If Nancy's love but bless my happy lot,
The storm in vain may whistle round my cot.

MORALIST.

AMONG the many advantages arising from cultivated sentiments, one of the first and most truly valuable is that delicate complacency of the mind which leads us to consult the feelings of those with whom we live, by shewing a disposition to gratify them as far as in our power, and by avoiding whatever has a contrary tendency ; they must indeed have attended little to what passes in the world, who do not know the importance of this disposition ; who have not observed, that the want of it often poisons the domestic happiness of families whose felicity every other circumstance concurs to promote.

ANECDOTES.

AN Irish Gentleman once remarked in the House of Commons, that the French were the most selfish nation in the universe---adding very pointedly, "they will never be at peace, till they are engaged in another war."

"Your colors are beautiful," observed a deeply-rouged lady, as she sat for her portrait. "Yes, madam," answered the artist, "we deal at the same shop."

Shortly will be published, an Original Novel.
Proposals (by Isaac N. Ralston,) for publishing by subscription, an original Novel, to be entitled,

MONIMIA,

OR THE BEGGAR GIRL.

WRITTEN BY AN AMERICAN LADY.

Part of which has appeared in the Lady's Monitor.
Of the work in contemplation, and which is now offering for public patronage, enough has already been published, in periodical numbers, to give an idea of it. This promise, however, shall accompany these proposals, that the errors which have made their appearance in the composition, and which were, in some measure, owing to the haste in which it was written, shall be carefully corrected, and every unimportant article particularly omitted.

CONDITIONS.

1. It is expected that this work will be comprised in one volume, of about 330 or 340 pages, duodecimo.
2. It will be printed on a neat type, and good paper, and be delivered to subscribers, handsomely bound and lettered, at one dollar, payable on delivery.
3. The work will be put to press immediately, and be continued with all possible exertion, till it is published.

Novels and Romances,

For sale by John Harrison, No. 3 Peck-Slip.

THREE SPANIARDS, by George Walker,
Mordaunt, by the author of Zeluco,
Horrors of Oakendale Abbey, Charlotte Temple,
Emilia d'Vermont, or the Necessary Divorce,
Louisa, the lovely Orphan, or the Cottage on the Moor,
Ambrose and Eleanor, Sorrows of Wetter,
Sufferings of the Family of Ottenberg,
Galatea, a Pastoral Romance, (by M. Cervantes)
Paul and Virginia, an Indian Story, Two Cousins,
Ambrosio, or the Monk, by M. G. Lewis, Esq;
Children of the Abbey, Wieland, or the Transformation
Ormond, or the Secret Witness. Tom Jones,
Letters of Charlotte, during her connexion with Wetter,
Camilla, Romance of the Forest. The Italian,
Evelina, Paul and Mary, a Young Widow, The Nun,
Nature and Art, Confession of Cordova, Arundel,
Haunted Priory, Memoirs of a Baroness, Pamela,
Simple Story, Man of the World, Fatal Folies,
Inquisitor, or Invisible Rambler, Fool of Quality,
Mysteries of Udolpho, Mystic Cottage, Select Stories,
Count Roderick's Castle, Female Confrancy,
Edward, Madame d'Barnevelt, Sutton Abbey,
Zeluco, Maurice, Audley Fortescue,
Prince of Brittany, Caroline of Lichtfeld, Baron Trench
Man of Feeling, Telemachus, Citizen of the World,

Sold at No. 3 Peck-Slip, by Appointment,

THE TRUE AND GENUINE

Dr. ANDERSON'S

OR THE

Famous Scots Pills.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN,

That the partnership subsisting between BENJAMIN NICHOLSON and BENJAMIN TYER, under the firm of NICHOLSON and TYER, Bakers, at Harlem, is this day dissolved by mutual consent.

Harlem, Jan. 5, 1805. BEN. NICHOLSON,
BEN. TYER.

Quilted Silk Coats,

Made and for sale by WILL. WEYMAN,
No. 39 Maiden-Lane.

Who has just completed a great assortment, which consists of the most prevailing colours, newest fashions, and of different qualities.

A few sent for trial if requested. Coats made to particular directions with care. October 31. 79 3m

J. TICE,

Perfumer and Ornamental Hair-Manufacturer.

Has removed from No. 19 Park Row, to No. 134 William-street, next door to Mr. Robertson's Carpet Store---where he has for sale an elegant assortment of Ladies' wigs and Fillets, of various colors, and of the most recent fashions, which he has received by late arrivals from Europe---with a general assortment of PERFUMERY, of the first quality, &c. &c.

He has also for sale---A new invented Liquid Blacking, for boots and shoes, which is an excellent preservation for the leather, and renders it water proof, and will not even soil the whitest silk. Black morocco that is become rusty, by the use of this Blacking, will look equal to new---To be had only at the above store. Nov. 14.

FOR THE USE OF THE FAIR SEX,

The Genuine French Almond Pate,

Superior to any thing in the world for cleaning, whitening and softening the skin, remarkably good for chapped hands, to which it gives a most exquisite delicacy---this article is so well known it requires no further comment.

Imported and sold by F. Dubois, Perfumer, No. 84 William-street New-York.

Likewise to be had at his Perfumery Store, a complete assortment of every article in his line, such as Pomatums of all sorts, common and scented Hair Powders, a variety of the best Soaps and Wash Balls, Essences and Scented Water, Rouge and Rouge Tablets, Pearl and Face Powder, Almond Powder, Cold Cream, Cream of Naples, Lotion, Milk of Roses, Asiatic Balsam for the Hair, Grecian Oil, Greenough Tincture for the Teeth, Artificial Flowers and Wreaths, Plumes and Feathers, Silk and Kid Gloves, Violet and Vanilla Segars, Ladies Work Boxes, Wigs and Frizets, Perfume Cabinets, Razors, and Razor Strops of the best kind, handsome Dressing Cases for Ladies and gentlemen complete, Tortoise shell and Ivory Combs, Swandown and Silk Puffs, Pinching and curling Irons, &c.

EVENING TUITION.

MR. DUPORT presents his respects to the young Gentlemen of this city, and informs them that his EVANGELIC SCHOOL, was opened on Tuesday the 24th inst. at the OLD ASSEMBLY ROOM, William street. The subscription is now open at Mr. Duport's house, No. 78 Courtlandt street. Mr. D. requests those Gentlemen who intend honoring him with their attendance, to apply as soon as possible.

Nov. 28.

For Sale by John Harrison, No. 3 Peck-Slip,

THE PLEASURES OF HOPE,

AND OTHER POEMS,

By THOMAS CAMPBELL.

TRAVELS

In the interior Districts of AFRICA, performed under the direction and patronage of the African Association, in the years 1795, 1796 and 1797---

By MUNGO PARK, Surgeon;

A NEW TREATISE

ON ASTRONOMY AND PHYSIC,

By Dr. JOSEPH YOUNG, M. D.

HISTORY OF FRANCE,

BY J. GIFFORD,

Published by JOHN HARRISON,

No. 3 Peck-Slip.